

48th Tactical Fighter Wing (TFW) Hym-m-m-nal

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Notes "Wally Fey" as likely contributor to William Getz.

Binder: ~~None~~ 10

Folder: 10 B

Title: 48th TFW Hym-m-m-nal

Branch: U.S. Air Force

Unit: 48th TFW

Date: Unknown

Source: Getz Collection, likely contributed by Wally Fey

Notes: Photocopied 8½ x 11 pages, double-sided copy and three-hole punched.



48TH TFW



HYM-M-M-NAL

?? UNCLASSIFIED ??

48TH HYMNAL

INTRODUCTION

This is a "word of warning" - a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately, will be offended by the language of the ballads. But it is no apology to them, for these are songs that are sung by the flying officers and men throughout the English-speaking world. They reflect the manners of the men at war, the morals of the pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of these lyrics were adopted to the Korean "situation" after becoming popular among the same warriors during World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg.

It follows, therefore, that they are not the product of a particular degenerate generation. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field, no more and no less so, than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, dehydrated potatoes and dysentery.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

?? UNCLASSIFIED ??

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain,
Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just make me operations, Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,
They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in, Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an airplane I know,
A ground looping bastard I'm sure to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter 4 Oh

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun,
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky, Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying's no fun,
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark, Don't give me a P61.

Don't give me a F-84, She's just a ground loving whore,
She'll whine moan and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees,
Don't give me an F-84

Just give me an old saber jet, they haven't caught up with her yet,
She'll loop, roll and spin, but she'll ne'er auger in,
Just give me an old Saber Jet.

THE GREAT BLOODY WHEEL

An Airman told me before he died
And I have no doubt that the bastard lied
That he had a wife with cleft so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two balls of brass all filled with cream
And the whole damn thing was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
When at last the maiden cried
Wait a bit I'm satisfied.

Now we come to the bitter end
There was no way of stopping it
From asshole to appetite she was split
And the whole fucken issue was covered with shit.

On tape

Chorus

MY GALS A CORKER

My gals a corker
She's a New Yorker
I buy her everything to keep her in style
She's got a pair of hips
Just like two battle ships

CHORUS: Ting-a-ling a ling ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Ting-a-ling ling ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Ting-a-ling ling ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Better days are coming by and by

She wears my cover ails
I stand and freeze my balls
Hey boys, thats where my money goes

CHORUS:

She's got a pair of legs
Just like two whiskey kegs
Hey boys, thats where my money goes

CHORUS:

She wears silk underwear
I wear my G.I. pair
Hey boys, thats where my money goes

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier
I don't want to go to war
Just want to hang around Picadilly on the ground
Livin off the earnings of me high born lady
Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemistry I did see
Now Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak.
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up her
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor blimey
I don't want to be a soldier
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around Picadilly on the ground
Livin off the earnings of a high born lady
I don't want no bullet up me arse hole
I don't want me buttocks shot away
I just want to stay in England, In jolly jolly England
And faunicated me bloomin life away.

On Tape

LYMERICKS

There once was a young man from Kildare
Who boogered a maid on the stairs
The 33rd Stroke, the banister broke
And he plished her off in mid-air.

There once was a young man from Florida
Who liked his friends wife so he borrowed her
He said in surprise as he spread wide her thighs
It isn't a crotch, it's a corridor.

There was a woman from Peru
Who had noghing on earth to do
With both légs in the air, she counted each hair
One thousand, nine hundred and two.

There was a young lady from Exidor
Who was so beautiful men craned their necks at her
One went so far as to wave from his car
The distinguishing marks of his sex at her,

There was a young lady from Nottingham
Who made some tarts and put snot in them
She added some turds and a couple of dead birds
And scratched off a dog until he shot in'em.

There was a young man from St. Ives
Who had balls of 2 different sizes
One was so small, it was hardly a ball at all
While the other so large that it won prizes.

There once was a man from Calcutta
Who was pounding off in the gutter
But the tropical sun played a trick on his gun
And turned all his milk into butter

There once was a young girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And her ass hole way out in Dallas.

There once was a young man named Gore
Who wanted a piece from a whore
Said she "Young man, go get it by hand
My cunt, you see, is too sore."

There once was a man from Dundee
Who boogered an Ape in a tree
The results were most horrid, all ass & no forehead
Blue balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a couple named Kelly
Who were found stuck belly to belly
It seems in their haste they used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

SAMMY SMALL

My name is Sammy Small, fuckum all, (repeat)
My name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,
But' its better than none at all, fuckum all.

They say I killed a man, fuckum all, (repeat)
I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead,
Now the silly fucker's dead, fuckum all.

They say I'm gonna swing, fuckum all, (repeat)
They say I'm gonna swing from a silly fucking string,
That's a silly fucking thing, fuckum all.

The parson he will come, fuckum all, (repeat)
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come,
He can stuff em up his bun, fuckum all.

The sheriff will come too, fuckum all, (repeat)
The sheriff will come too and bring his silly fucking crew.
They've got fuck all else to do, fuckum all.

Let this be the parting knell, fuckum all, (repeat)
Let this be the parting knell, hope to see you all in hell.
Hore to hell you sizzle well, fuckum all.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, Yes I do, I love her truly,
I love the hole that she pisses through,
I love her ruby red lips, her lilly white tits the hair around her asshole,
I'd eat her shit, chomp chomp chomp, with a rusty spoon.

MOTHER FUCKERS BALL

I'll be down to take you to the mother fucker's ball,
All the witches and bitches gonna be there all,
Now honey don't be late,
Cause the're passing out the pussy bout half past eight.
Now I've fucked in France, and I've fucked in Spain,
I even had a piece off the coast of Maine,
But the best one of all, is when I laid my mother-in-law,
Last Saturday night at the Mother fucker's B-a-double L, Ball.

SKEETER

There's a skeeter on my peter, knock him off.
There's another, it's his brother, knock him off.
There's his uncles and his cousins
Can't you hear those bastards buzzin?
There's a skeeter on my peter, knock him off.

LYMERICKS CONT.

There once was a man from Podunk,
Who went to sleep in a trunk,
He dreamed a lady from Venus was tickling his pinus
And woke up with a hand full of gunk.

There once was a lady from Stroll,
Who had an idea exceedingly droll.
To a masquerade ball, she went in nothing at all
And backed in as a parker-house roll.

There once was a young man named Green
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave or convex, it could screw either sex
But oh what a mess to clean.

COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred ninety-two a Dago from Italley
He walked along the streets of Spain
And shit in every alley
All night long, from midnight on.

CHORUS: Poor old Columbo, he thought the world was roundo,
That dirty lien, Dago bastard, son-of-a-bitch Columbo.

Queen Isebell gave him three ships
They all were double deckers,
And when she waved her hand goodby
Colombo waved his pecker,
All night long, from midnight on.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
That dirty little shitter.
He lined his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper,
All night long, from midnight on.

Columbo had a big first mate,
He loved him like a brother.
At night they lay between the sheets
And corn holed one another,
All night long, from midnight on.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree, Is where she first showed it to me. A little brown spot, she called it her twat, But it looked like a cesspool to me.	So I pulled out my telephone pole, And stuck it in her dirty hole. She squirmed and she screamed, so I shot her the cream, In the shade of the old apple tree.
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LYMERICKS CONT.

There once was a man from Clarige
Who had a peculiar marriage
He fucked his mother, and sucked his brother
And ate his sister's miscarriage.

There once was a man from Macrametter
Who had one of prodigious diameter
It wasn't the size, that opened their eyes
T'was his rythem iambic pentameter

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose cock was so long it was bent
So to save him the trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it.

There once was a lady from Madrass
Who had a most beautiful ass
T'was not round and pink, like most people think
But was grey, had long ears, and ate grass

There once was a young man named Bass
Whose balls were made of spun glass
When they tinkled together, they played stormy weather
And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young maid from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street lapped up the green meat
That hung in Festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady from Cape Cod,
Who thought all good things came from God
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nightie,
It was Roger the Dodger by God.

There once was a young man from Boston
Who bought himself an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost'em

There once was a hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said "I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit, but
Just think of the money I save".

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits,

CHORUS: Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like waves in the ocean,
And I were the wind and I'd show them some motion.
I wish little girls were like flowers in the springtime,
And I were a bee and I'd pluck them all daytime,

I wish little girls were like sheép in the clover,
And I were a ram and I' ram them all over,

I wish little girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull and I' make them run faster,

I wish all them girls were like the girls down in Sydney,
And I were alive and still had one kidney,

I wish all the girls were deer in the wood
And I were a buck, I would if I could,

I wish all the girls were little hen robins
And I were a cock robin, I'd keep 'em a bobbin',

I wish all the girls were ducks on the ocean
And I were a drake, I'd keep 'em in motion.

I wish all the girls were fish in the river
And I were a King Fish. I'd keep 'em aquiver,

I wish all the girls were cute little vixens
And I were a fox, I'd certainly fix 'em.

I wish all the girls were cute little virgins
And I were a wold, I'd certainly urge 'em.

I wish all the girls were cats on a cushion,
And I were Tom Cat, I'd certainly push them.

OLD GREY MARE

Oh, the old grey mare, She was the biggest whore,
She shit on the kitchen floor, wiped her ass on the knob of the door,
While the moon shined bright on the nipple of her tit,
A bull fucked a cow in the barnyard shit.

THE MAN WITH NO BALLS AT ALL

Gather you rounders and listen to me,
I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee.
It's about a fair maiden so fair and so tall
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all.
She married a man who had no balls at all.

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed
Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips, they were red.
She reached for his penis, his penis was small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all. - - CHORUS

"Mother, dear mother, I wished I were dead
I'll go to my grave with my own maiden head.
My future is slender my hopes they are small
For I've married a man who has no balls at all." - - CHORUS

"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't you be sad.
I had the same trouble when I married your dad.
But many's the flyer who'll answer the call
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all." - - CHORUS

Now this young maid took her mother's advise
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice.
But a bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all. - - CHORUS

Now this babe was examined that very night
By a doctor who swore he examined it right
But the thing that was found most peculiar of all
Was the babe had a penis but no balls at all. - - CHORUS

MARY ANN BARNES

Mary Ann Barnes was queen of all the acrobats.
She could do tricks that would give a cat the shits.
She could shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice.
Do a double summersalt and catch em on her tits.
She's a great big son of a bitch, twice the size of me,
With hair on her ass like the branches of a tree.
She can swim, fish, hunt, fuck,
Fly a plane drive a truck.
And that's the kind of gal whose goin to marry me.

ZIGGY ZIGGY

Sing a high ziggy ziggy fuck a little piggy sideways
Swish Swish, My old lady's a big fat whore
Shit bang, Fuck stick, two dollars we pay for a bang in the hay,
And a tune on a Spanish guitar, plink plink plink.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

In peacetime the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, call out
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the God Damn Reserves.

Heres to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn Reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan

CHORUS:

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The Reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan

CHORUS:

They called up a dozen more squadrons
Staffed by a regular class
But when it came time for promotion
The reservists got jabbed in the ass

CHORUS:

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn Reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on.....

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub, my mother makes systhetic gin
My sister makes love for \$5, my God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: Rools in, Rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.
My broghters a poor missionary, He saves little girls from sin
He'll save you a blonde for \$5, My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My father died in his bathtub, My mother died in her gin,
My sister she married my brother, My God what a mess I'm in.

LULU

O some girls work in restaurants,
Some girls work in stores;
But Lulu has them all beat,
She works in the house of whores.

CHORUS: O banging away on Lulu, banging away all day,
Who we going to bang on when Lulu goes away.

O some girls wear a kotex,
Some girls wear a rag;
But Lulu has them all beat,
She wears a burlap bag.CHORUS

O Lulu had a little boy,
She named him Diamond Dick;
She would have named him Mary,
But he had a little prick.CHORUS

O rich girls ride in Cadillacs,
Poor girls ride in Fords,
But Lulu rides the bedsprings,
To earn her room and board.CHORUS

THE BIG BLACK BULL

Oh the big black bull came down from the mountain, Huston, John Huston,
The big black bull came down from the mountain, long time ago.

Long time agooo, long time agooo
The big black full came down from the mountain, long time ago.

He spied a heifer out in the pasture, Huston, John Huston.
He spied a heifer out in the pasture, Long time ago.

Long time agooo, long time agooo
He spied a heifer out in the pasture, long time ago.

There was a fence around that pasture, Huston, John Huston.
There was a fence around that pasture, long time ago.

Long time agooo, long time agooo
There was a fence around that pasture, long time ago.

He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer, Huston, John Huston.
He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer, long time ago.

Long time agooo, long time agooo
He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer, long time ago.

He missed his mark and phhfft in the pasture, Huston, John Huston.
He missed his mark and phhfft in the pasture, long time ago.

Long time agooo, long time agooo
He missed his mark and phhfft in the pasture, long time ago.

On the big black bull went back to the mountain,,Huston, John Huston.
The big black bull went back to the mountain, long time ago.

Long time agooo, long time agooo
The big black bull went back to the mountain, long time ago.

ONE BALL RIELLY

Sittin in O'Rielly's bar,
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Rielly's daughter.

CHORUS: Fiddly-i-e, fiddly-i-o
Fiddly-i-e for the one ball Rielly,
Rig a dig jig jig, balls and all,
Rub a dub dub shag on.

I grabbed that 'she bitch' by the tits,
Then I threw my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

There came a knock upon the door,
Who should it be but her God Damn father,
Two horse pistols by his side,
Looking for the guy who was shagging his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the neck,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Stuffed those pistols up his ass,
A damn sight farther than I was shagging his daughter.

Now as I go walking down the street,
The people shout from every corner,
There goes that dirty son of a bitch,
The guy that shagged O'Rielly's daughter.

ADELINE SCHMIT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmit,
Who went to the doctor, cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,
She opened the window and shoved out her ass.

CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
Her life it was ruined by shit shit shit.

A handsome young Bobbie was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,
And a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

That handsome young Bobbie, he cussed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
And on London bridge you can now see him sit,
With a sign round his neck saying "Blinded by shit."

NO FIGHTER PILOT IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombadiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He doesn't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The automatic pilots on, reading novels in the John
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat ass
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They're all on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They're all across the bay
Getting shot at every day
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty, but its nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It will wreck your reputation, but increase the population
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows
Cheeks of her ass went bam - bam - bam

BIRTH OF A CHILD

My brother lies over the ocean
My sister lies over the sea
My daddy lies over my mommie
And thats how they got little me.

[48TH HYMNAL]

!! C L A S S I F I E D !!!!
!!!! S U P P L E M E N T !!

[INTRODUCTION]

We all know that a fighter pilot is an individualist and no doubt each one of you knows a different version of each song included in this book. However, in an effort to obtain maximum volume and thereby drive all bomber pilots, and tac missile types from the club, this book is dedicated to the purpose that "Everybody Sings", and has a good time. As a fighter pilot you are urged to keep your head on a swivel and clear yourself before you rip your knickers by serenading members of the opposite sex with a song containing some of the more descriptive, gutteral, four-lettered Anglo-Saxon words. It is not the purpose of this book to offend; rather it is to stimulate a good time among fighter pilots gathered together to enjoy themselves. Let your conscience and capacity be your guide.

"MAKE THAT NEXT ONE EXTRA DRY, INNKEEPER!"

!! C L A S S I F I E D !!!!
!!!! S U P P L E M E N T !!

N O T I C E - - FOR ADULT TEEN-AGERS AND JUVENILE ADULTS O N L Y

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and
Sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened my life for a while.

CHORUS:

Come and sit by my side, little
darling.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

Do you think of this valley you're
leaving,
Of your parents so kind and so true
Do you think of the kind hearts you
are breaking,
And the cowboy who loves you so true.
.....CHORUS

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal,
The birds are singing
For me and my gal.
Everybody's been knowin'
To a wedding they're going
And for weeks they been sewing,
Every Susie and Sal.
They're congregating
for me and my gal.
The Parson's waiting
For me and my gal.
And someday, we're going to build
A little home for two or three
or four or more
In loveland, for me and my gal.

SAN ANTONE ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody,
A song of old San Antone,
Where in dreams I live with a memory,
Beneath the stars all alone.
It was there I found beside the Alamo.
Enchantments strange as the blue up
above
A moonlit path that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor, know only
my heart,
Call back my rose, rose of San Antone
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals
falling apart.
Speak once again of my love, my own.

Broken songs, empty words I know,
Still live in my heart all alone,
For that moon lit path by the alamo,
And rose, my rose of San Antone.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas,
I'm going there to see,
No other fellow knows her,
Nobody only me.
She cried so when I left her,
It like to broke her heart,
And if we ever meet again,
We never more shall part.

CHORUS:

She's the sweetest rose of color
A fellow ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your dearest maid
And sing of Rosy Lee.
But the yellow rose of Texas
Beats the gals of Tennessee.
Oh, I' going back to find her,
My heart is full of woe
We'll sing the songs together,
We sang so long ago,
I'll pick the banjo gaily,
And sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas
Shall be mine for ever more.--CHORUS

T D Y

Walking down Canal Street, knocking on the doors;
Gosh Darn Son of a Bitch, I can't find a whore.
Finally I found one, colder than a rock;
Gosh Darn Son of a Bitch, I can't find my cock.
Finally I found it, and I thought I would win;
Gosh Darn Son of a Bitch, I can't get it in.
Finally I got it in, into her spout;
Gosh Darn Son of a Bitch, I can't get it out.
Finally I got it out, all red and sore;
Gosh Darn Son of a Bitch, don't seduce a whore.

LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a winding, into the land of my dreams;
Where the nightingale is singing, and the white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting, until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going, down that long, long trail with you.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those banjoes ringing
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen
As they sang in the evening,
By the moonlight.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip,
A big yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me,
'Twas then heaven blessed me,
What a blessing no one knows,
You made life cheery,
When you called me deary,
Way down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on, Harvest Moon
Up in the sky.
I ain't had no loving since
January, February, June or July.
S'no time ain't no time to stay
Outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on, Harvest Moon
For me and my gal.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM

You had a dream, dear,
I had one too,
Mine was the best dream
Because it was of you;
Come sweetheart, tell me,
Now is the time,
You tell me your dream
and I'll tell you mine.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon,
I love to spoon.
To my honey I'll croon love's tune,
Honeymoon, keep on shinin' in June;
Your silvery beams will bring love's
dreams,
We'll be cuddlin' soon,
By the silvery moon.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest
girl,
Of all the girls I know;
Each sweet coed, like a rainbow thread
Fades in the after-glow.
For the blue of her eyes,
And the gold of her hair
Are a blend of the western skies.
Now the moonlight beams on the girl
of my dream,
She's the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89 you must be dumb deaf and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay.

If you fly an 86 you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all-weather booy's, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we don't pine, it's better than an eighty-nine.

If you fly a Thunderjet you will really have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

If you fly a super saber you must be dumb deaf and in labor
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow-up time?

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of old smokey, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover, come a-courtin' to slow.

A-courtin's a pleasure an flirtin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover, is worse than a thief.

For a thief he will rob you, and take what you save,
But a false-hearted lover, will send you to the grave.

Now the grave will decay you and turn you to dust,
Not one girl in a hundred a poor boy can trust.

CIGARETTES, WHISKEY, AND WILD, WILD WOMEN

Once I was happy and had a good wife;
I had enough money to last me for life
I met a gal and we went on a spree:
She taught me to smoke and to drink whiskey.

CHORUS: Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.
Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigarettes is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a monkey with one in his face.
Here's my definition, believe me, dear brother:
"A fire on one end, a fool on the other." (CHORUS)

Brother, repent or they'll write on your grave:
"To women and whiskey here lies a poor slave."
Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear friend:
They'll write in big letters these words at your end. (CHORUS)

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a guinea waterfall one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered saber-jet the young pursuite lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; He was not yet quite dead
So, listen to the weary last words the young pursuite said:
"I'm going to a better land where everything is right,
where whiskey flows from telegraph poles; play poker every night.
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing;
where all our crews are women - - oh, death where is thy sting?
Oh death where is thy sting ding a ling - - oh death where is thy sting?
The bells of hell will ring a ling, a ling for you but not for me.

IN MUNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBAUHAUS

Da, "o die gurne isar fliesst, wo man mit "gruss gott" dich grusst,
Liegt meine schone munchner stadt, die ihresgleichen nicht hat.
wasser ist billig, rein und gut, nur verdunnt es unser blut,
Schoner sind tropfen goldnen weins, aber am schonsten ist eins:

CHORUS: In munchen steht ein hofbrauhaus 1, 2, gsuffa,
Dalauft so manches fasschen aus 1, 2, gsuffa
Da hat schon mancher brave mann 1, 2, gsuffa
gezeigh was er so vertragen kann
schon fruh am morgen fing er an
Und spat am abend kam er heraus so
So schon ists im hofbrauhaus.

Da trinkt man bier nicht aus dem glas da gibts nur die grosse mass
Und wenn der erste masskrug leer, bringt die reserl bald mehr.
Oft kriegt su hus die frau nen schreck, bleibt der mann mal
Aber die braven nachbarsleut, die wissen besser bescheic!
.....CHORUS

Wenn auch so manche deutsche stadt sehenswurdigkeiten hat,
eins gibt es nirgend wo wie hier: das ist das munchner bier.
der dieses kleine lied erdacht, hat so manche lange nacht
Uber dem munchner bier studiert und hat es grundlich probiert
.....CHORUS

THE EYES OF TEXAS

The eyes of Texas are upon you,
All the live long days,
The eyes of Texas are upon you,
You cannot get away.
Do not think you can escape them,
From night till early in the morn,
The eyes of Texas are upon you
Till Gabriel blows his horn.

KENTUCKY BABE

Skeeters am a-hummin' on the honeysuckle vines: sleep Kentucky Babe
Sandman am a-calling to this little coon o' mine: sleep Kentucky Babe.
Silvery moon am shining in the heavens up above
Bobelink am calling to his liddle lady love,
you is mighty licky, Babe of ol' Kentuck--Close your eyes in sleep.

CHORUS: Fly away, (bass fly away----
Fly away, Kentucky Babe
Fly away to rest
Fly away, (bass) fly away----
Rest your weary, curly head
On your mammy's breast (him 8 counts)
Close your eyes in sleep.

TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was waltzing with my darling
To the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to meet.
Introduced him to my loved one
And while they were waltzing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I remember the night
and the Tennexxee Waltz.
Now I know just how much I have lost.
Yes, I lost my little darling
The night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

I looked over Jordan,
And what did I see there,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

CHORUS: Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.
.....CHORUS

BE NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE

Come sit by my side little darlin'
Come lay your cool hand on my brow,
And promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darlin' but mine

CHORUS:

Be nobody's darlin' but mine, dear,
Be honest, be faithful, be kind,
And promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darlin' but mine.

Now mother has gone up in heaven,
and father has gone down below,
Sister has gone to meet mother,
And I'm left in this sad world alone.
.....CHORUS

You're sweet as the flowers in
springtime,
You're fresh as the dew on the rose,
I'd rather be somebody's darlin'
Than a poor boy who nobody knows.
.....CHORUS

WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

I love you as I never loved before
Since first I saw you on the
village green
Come to me, ere my dream of love is
o'er
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet sixteen.

THE WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mories
To the place where Looie Dwells
To the dear old temple bar we love so well
Sing the Wiffenpoofs assemble
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing cast a spell

Yes the magic of thier singing
of the songs we love so well
Shall I wasting and "mavoureen" and the rest
We will seranade our Looie
While life and voice shall last
And we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest

We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way; Baa, Baa, Baa
We're little black sheep
Who have gone astray; Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentlemen songsters, off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we; Baa, Baa, Baa

D R U N K

Drunk last night, drunk the night before
'Gonna" get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before
For when I'm drunk I'm happy as can be
For I am a member of the Souse family

Now the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany
There's the Highland Dutch and Lowland Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the God Damn Dutch

Singing glorius, glorius,
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone: Damn near
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk - The lucky stiff.

THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the bar room floor and the bar was closed
for the night
When out of his hole came a little brown mouse and he sat in the pale
moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor and back on his haunches
he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar.....Bring on the God Damned Cat.

MIMI

Mimi, the college Widow
Pride of the University
Mimi the college Widow
She taught all the boys anatomy
(anatomy Rah Rah Rah)

Mimi the college Widow
To know her is to love her that's for sure
So forget she costs you money
And let her call you Honey
That's Mimi the college Lure

Far above Ciyuga's waters
Down at old Cornell
Mimi met a football hero
Shot the Team to Hell

She met a Bamblin Reck
From Georgia Tech
And a Hell of an engineer
He was something of an Architec
And he left his Blueprints Here
(Where? Here Where? Here)

At Wisconsin, At Wisconsin
Mimi met an All American
Called his signals
Rushed her Center
Set her on her Rear
(Rah Rah Rah)

SPEAK---Now Mimi won a letter
She's as proud as she can be
You ask her if she made the team She says,
"Hell no the whole damned team made me."

Mimi the college Widow
Pride of the University
Mimi the college Widow
She taught all the boys anatomy
(anatomy Rah Rah Rah)

Mimi the college Widow
To know her is to love her thats for sure
She laid the corner stone of Knowledge
In fact the whole damn College
That's Mimi the College Lure
----the word is "LURE"

FUNCTION JUNCTION

Are you from function, from function junction
Where the double function suction pumps are made
Are you from function, from function junction
Well, I'm from function too.

I love a billboard I always will
Because a billboard gives me such a thrill
When I was a little child
A HORNEY billboard drove me wild.

PILOT'S MATING CALL

Let's all gather round and give the pilot's mating call
Oh, let's all gather round and give the pilots mating call
Oh, Let's all gather round and round and give that God Damn awful sound
AAAAAAAAAA AAAA AAAAAAAAAA AAAA The pilot's mating call.

Oh, fat girls, skinny girls, even girls quite tall
All come a running when they hear the pilot's call
Oh, let's all gather round and round and give that God Damn awful sound
AAAAAAAAAA AAAA AAAAAAAAAA AAAA The pilot's mating call.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Oh how could little red riding hood have been so very good
And keep those wolves from her door
Father and mother, she had none, so where in the world did the money come from?
Please let me ask it, who filled her basket?
The story books never tell
They say she found a great big wolf in Granny's bed
With a charcoal sunbonnet pulled down over his head
But you know and I know what she must have found instead
Oh How could little Red Riding hood have been so very good
And keep those wolves from her door.

YELLOW RIBBON

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore it in the Spring time and the merry month of May
And when I asked her why the hell she wore it
She said it's for her pilot who is far far away

CHORUS: Far away, Far away
She said it's for her pilot who is far far away

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage
Behind the door her father kept a shotgun
Upon the shelf she kept a whiskey bottle

AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED THE FLY

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly
I don't know why she swallowed a fly
Maybe she'll die

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider
That wriggled and wriggled and wriggled inside her
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly but
I don't know why she swallowed the fly
Maybe she'll die

a bird----How absurd to swallow a bird
a cat-----Imagine that to swallow a cat
a dog-----What a hog to swallow a dog
a goat-----Just opened her throat and swallowed a goat
a cow-----I don't know how she swallowed a cow
a horse----She died of course

BLACK SALOME

I'm gonna buy myself a Black Salome
A hoochie coochie dancer from Malome
All that she wears is one yard of lace
And some mosquito netting around her face

The clothes that she wears they wouldn't cost a centa
Leaves lots of rooma for the move amenta
I'm tired of roamin'; I want a home
I'm gonna buy myself a Black Salome

GOOD NIGHT IRENE

CHORUS: Irene, good night,
Irene, good night,
Good night, Irene, Good night, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted,
Gonna take a little stroll down town.

.....CHORUS

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I take a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

.....CHORUS

Stop your rambling,
Stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at night
Go home to your wife and family
And stay by the fireside bright.

.....CHORUS

A LAST FAVOR

When I'm dead and in my grave,
No more pussy will I crave.
And on my tombstone it shall be written,
I've had my share and I'm not shitten.

And on my footstone it shall be wrote,
A million drinks passed down my throat.
So should you pass where I lie,
Please piss on me I'm always dry.

A CREW MEMBER

Roly, poly, tickle her holey,
Slippery slimy slew.
Drag your nuts across her ruts,
You're part of the ____en crew.

D R I N K

Show home the way to go me,
I'm bed and I want to go to drunk.
Had a little hour about a drink ago,
And my head right through it went.

SEEING NELLIE HOME

In the sky a bright star glittered,
On the bank a pale moon shone,
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS:

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
Twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam,
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party
I was seeing Nellie home.

.....CHORUS

DIXIE

I wish I was in da land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

CHORUS

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, Hurrah, Hurrah,
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble
To Dixieland I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

.....CHORUS

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Not a soul down on the corner
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jim,
Down thru lover's lane.
Now and then we meet again,
But they don't seem the same.

Gee, I get a lonesome feeling,
When I hear those church bells chime;
'Cause those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you
A Pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind,
And go and find
some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call our own.

We'd find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath those kindly skies,
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Twass a cold winters evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
Get out you can't stay where you are.

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men and how they come and go.
Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your Mothers and Sisters boys and let her sleep under the bar.

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A young fighter pilot lay dying, the medics said he was dead.
All around him women were crying, and these are the words he said:

Take the tailpipe out of my backbone
Take the gunsight out of my brain
Take the fuel pipe out of my kidneys
Assemble the unit again---For,

We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Boozin buddies while boozin (Drink)
We are the boys that they send out to die
Boozin Buddies while boozin (Drink)

Up in Headquarters they laugh and they shout
Talking bout things they know nothing about!!

But we are the boys that they send out to die
Boozin buddies while boozin (Drink)
(Lower) boozin buddies while boozin (Drink)
(Very Low) boozin buddies while boozin (Chug-a-lug)

KENTUCKY WALTZ

We were waltzing one night in Kentucky
Beneath the beautiful harvest moon
and I was the boy that was lucky
But it all ended too soon

And as I sit here alone in the moonlight
I see her smiling face
and I long once more for her embrace
And that beautiful Kentucky Waltz.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY, I'VE GOT THE TIME

If you've got the money, I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonking and we'll have a time.
We'll make all the night spots
We'll do them up fine.
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

There ain't no use to tarry,
So let's start out tonight,
We'll spread job, oh boy, oh boy.
And we'll spread it right,
We'll have more fun baby,
All the way down the line.
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

If you've got the money,
I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonkin'
and we'll have a time.
Bring along you Cadillac
Leave my ole wreck behind.
If you've got the money, honey
I've got the time.

Yes, we'll go honky-tonkin'
Make every club in town.
We'll go to the park, where it's dark
We won't fool around.
But if you run short of money,
I'll run short of time.
'Cause you with no more money, honey
I've no more time.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE

Nellie had a new dress, It was very thin
She asked me how I liked it, I answered with a grin

Wait 'till the sun shines, Nellie, And the clouds go drifting by,
We will be so happy, Nellie, Don't you cry.

Down lover's lane we'll wander, Sweethearts, you and I.
Wait 'till the sun shines, Nellie, Bye and bye.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along, on moonlight bay
You could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go way,
As they sang love's old sweet song,
On moonlight bay.

SHANTY TOWN

There's a shanty in the town, On a little plot of ground,
Where the green grass grows all around, all around.
Roof so torn, so badly worn, it touches to the ground,
It's just a tumbled down shack, and it's built way back
About 25 feet from the rail road track.
It lingers on my mind, most all the time
Keeps calling me back, to my little grass shack.
I'd be just as sassy as Haille Selassie.
If I were a king, wouldn't mean a thing
Roof so tall, read the writing on the wall
But it don't mean a thing, not a doggone thing,
For there's a queen waitin' there, in a rockin' chair
Blowin' her top on 'gaitor's beer,
Lookin' all around, and truckin' on down.

WALTZING MATILDA

CHORUS:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Once a jolly swagman camped by a brill-along
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled;
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the brillalong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode a squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode his troops, one, two, three,
Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the brillalong,
You'll never catch me alive said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the brillalong
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

WABASH CANNON BALL

From the great Atlantic Ocean,
To the wide Pacific shore,
From the sweet o'er flowing mountains
to the south belle by the moor
She's known quite well by all
For she's the combination
Of the Wabash Cannon Ball

CHORUS: Listen to the jungle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she glides along the woodlands,
Thru the hills and by the shore;
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
Hear those lonesome hobo's squal
While travelin' thru the jungle
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Our eastern states are dandy
so the people always say,
from New York to St Louis
And Chicago by the way;
From the hills of Minnesota,
Where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken
on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

.....CHORUS

She came down to Birmingham
One cold December day,
As she pulled into the station
You could hear all the people say
There's a gal from Tennessees;
She's long and she's tall
She came down to Birmaingham
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

.....CHORUS

Now there's to Daddy Claxton
May his name forever stand,
And always be remembered
In the courts throughout the land.
His earthly race is over,
and the curtains round him fall.
We'll carry him home to Dixie
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

.....CHORUS

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship "Titanic"
And when they had it through
They thought they had a ship
That the water would not come through.
But the Good Lord raised his hand,
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, it was sad,
It was sad when that great ship went down
Husbands and wives (high squeaky voice) little bitty
children lost their lives.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

They were off for Enga-land
And were headed for the shore,
And the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put them down below
and they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down.
.....CHORUS

Oh, they put the life boats out
In the raging burning sea,
And the band struck up with "N'er My God to Thee"
Oh, the Captain tried to wire
But the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down.
.....CHORUS

COOL WATER

All day I've faced the barren waste
Without the taste of water, cool, clear water,
Old Dan I, our throats so dry,
It's those that cry for water, cool, clear water.

CHORUS:
Keep a-movin' Dan, don't you listen to him Dan,
He's a devil not a man,
And he spreads the burning sands with water,
Dan, can you see that big green tree,
Where the water's flowing free,
And it's waiting there for you and me.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool,
Each star's a pool of water, cool, clear water,
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn,
And carry on to water, cool, clear water.
.....CHORUS

The shadows sway and seem to say,
Tonight we pray for water, cool, clear water,
And way up there he'll hear our prayer,
And show us where there's water, cool, clear water.
.....CHORUS

SAVE ANOTHER PILOTS ASS

Oh I lined up with the runway and headed for a ditch
I looked down at my prop; my God its in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, glory hallelujah! How did I get there?

Chorus: Oh, hallelujah, Oh, hallelujah!
Throw a nickel on the grass, save another pilots ass

Oh hallelujah. Oh hallelujah.
Throw a nickel on the durm and you'll be saved

Oh I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
And when I made my last turn, my God I racked it tight
And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheezed.
May Day, May Day Colnel Welford, spin instructions please

Chorus:

I started in to buzz; I thought that I was clear
I came in over Chaumo, I knew the end was near,
I met the flying board and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Chorus:

And now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came the glorious Air Force to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a gut and sing another verse.

Chorus:

CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't anymore.
A lady came in for a hat one day, I asked her what kind she adored
"Felt" she said and "Felt Her" I did, I did but I don't anymore

Cake - Layer
Lamp - Floor
Birds- Love

Glue - Paste
Cream - Massage
Girdle - Rubber
Scarf - Neck

Food - Pet
Stamp - Letter
Razor - Injector

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On ton of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot from flying so low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open he made his last pass
On ton of old Fúji he busted his ass

492ND

Well then its goodbye four ninety fourth and four ninety third,
We are the boys who fly the big blur tailed bird.
We got a mission to fly, we got a party to throw,
We are the boys who have that go! go! go!
Then its wheels on the runway with the AB's to the wall,
Wheels in the well we'll wax 'em all
Now we've got 'em by the tail pipe,
Hang right in there four ninety two.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL

The prettiest girl
I ever saw
Was sippin bour
bon through a straw
(repeat)

(1)

(4)

And now I've got
A mother-in-law
And fifteen kids
to call me pa.
(repeat)

And cheek to cheek
And jaw to jaw
We both sip bour
bon through a straw.
(repeat)

(2)

(5)

The moral of
this story is clear
Don't sip a bour
bon drink a beer.
(repeat)

And now and then
The straw wouls slip
and I'd sip bour
bon from her sips.
(repeat)

BILL GROGANS GOAT

Bill Grogans goat
Was feeling fine
Ate three red shirts
Right off the line

(1)

(4)

The whistle blew
The train drew nigh
Bill Grogans goat
Was doomed to die.

First Billy cussed
And then he swore
This doggone goat
Would live no more

(2)

(5)

He gave three groans
Of mortal pain
Coughed up the shirts
And flagged the train.

Bill took a stick
Gave him a wack
And tied him to
The railroad track

(3)

AIR FORCE HYMN

Here's a toast to the host of the men who boast the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we'll send a message of his brother men who fly.
We'll drink to those who gave their all of old.
Then down we'll roar to score the rainbows pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of the men who boast the US Air Force.
Off we go into the wild blue yonder climbing high into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
at 'em boys give her the gun, give her the gun.
Down we dive spouting our flame from under off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame.
Hey nothing can stop the US Air Force.

48TH BEER CALL

Oh we're from the 48th, the beer drinking 48th
whenever we go out we have a ball.
We take delight in stirring up a fight
and knocking them in the head, 'ti'l thei'r dead;
Ha Ha Ha oh oh oh hee hee hee!
We have gotten a reprove in writt'en.
We put poison in our C.O's cream of wheat.
We're from the 48th, the beer drinking 48th
and we eat raw meat! call the waiter more beer.

94TH'S SQUAWK

We're the boys from the 94th you've heard so much about.
The mothers lock their daughters in when ever we go out.
We're always full of whisky,
We're always full of booze,
Now who in the hell are you'se?
As we go marching, as the band begins to P-L-A-Y
You can hear the people shouting "A raggedy ass, a raggedy ass,
The 94th on parade- oo wa wa
Who owns this club oo wa wa, who owns this club oo wa wa,
Who owns this club, the people cry.
We own this club, We own this club
The 94th, we reply.

ZULU WARRIORS

Hold'em down you zulu warriors.
Hold'em down you zulu chief, chief, chief, chief.
Chorus: High zig a zumba, zumba, zumba REPEAT
High zig a zumba, zumba zig.
Hold'em down you zulu warriors.
Hold'em down you zulu chiefs Hey!